BURY, and its ENVIRONS,

Bury St. Edmunds

A

POEM,

WRITTEN

In the YEAR MDCCXLVI.

------- Præter omnes,
Hic mihi Angulus arridet.

By Dr. Lewis.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

His GRACE the

DUKE of *GRAFTON*.

MY LORD,

I PRESUME to inſcribe this POEM to your GRACE, as the Guardian of the fineſt County I ever ſaw.

THE uncommon Eſteem and Regard the Inhabitants have for you, and your unblamable Adminiſtration of Power, appears to me only as the *Eccho* of the general Voice of the Nation.

GIVE

GIVE me Leave, MY LORD, to mention, that as I had the Happineſs to be Tutor to your GRACE's Nephew, the late DUKE of *BEAUFORT*, I look'd on that Circumſtance, as an additional Obligation on me thus to addreſs your GRACE, and thereby to do myſelf the Honour of ſubſcribing myſelf,

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACES,

moſt obedient

humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

BURY, and its ENVIRONS,

A

POEM.

HAIL BURY! lovelieſt Spot I ever found,
To me, thou ſeemeſt like enchanted Ground.
The *Roſicrucians* here their Dwellings fix,
Here Sweets with Sweets, in gay Comfuſion mix;
So happily *confus'd* ---- that all agree,
And are conſorted ---- in one Harmony.
To ſing thy Beauties, and thy ENVIRONS;
Demands great *Virgil*'s hundred Mouths and Tongues:

Firſt, of thy Streets, Oh *Trivia!* let me tell,
A Viſto each to each, ---- as parallel
With *Coctile* Walls *Semiramis*, ('tis ſaid)
Her City girt ---- but we on Coctile tread.
Her penſile Garden, and ſuſpended Grove,
Where pompous *Art*, *in vain*, *with Nature* ſtrove:

By gently *riſing* Hills outdone, we ſee,
Hail *Sight:* Theſe Proſpects come unaſk'd to *Thee.*

Awful thy Ruins, beauteous ---- tho' decay'd,
Here Saints, and Sinners erſt together pray'd,
To this Receſs was ſuch Attraction giv'n,
That ling'ring Monks ſeem'd loath to part, for Heav'n:
But our eighth *Henry* (Popery forſook)
Their Lands, from *execrating* Abbots took.
If TRUE (he chang'd in VAIN, the Form and Name)
"* *That Prieſts* of all Religions are the ſame."
Where once did reign the *Babylon'an* Whore,
Where ſome the Son, the Mother ſome implore.
Now Proteſtants reſide, conſign'd to Hell,
That pray not for the Soul of † *Iſabelle.*
'Stead of dull Cordeliers, now ſhines a Race,
Which rivals them ---- in *ſleekneſs* ---- as in *Grace*:
To Matins there, to Veſpers, quite unus'd
Pity ſuch Iv'ry Skins ſhou'd be abus'd,
Or Fleſh ſo delicate, by Scourges bruis'd.

Thy Temples ample, where one God's ador'd,
With *Piety*, at once, and *Beauty* ſtor'd;
We fondly fancy ---- that the Saints within,
" ‡ Forget to *touch*, nay ev'n to *look's* a Sin.

Thy Croſs, for *Farce* renown'd, thy Guild, for *Mace*,
Thy Shire-Hall fitted for the *Law's Grimace*,
I leave unſung, unworthy of my Lays.
But Thee! Aſſembly Room, the Muſe ſhall praiſe,
Thee for *Diverſions*, not dull *Buſ'neſs* made,
Th' harmonious Concert, --- midnight Maſquerade.

* *Dryden's* Saying. † See the North Entrance of St. *Mary's*. ‡ Whoſoever looketh n a Woman, *&c.*

The

The well lac'd Youth ſee here, with *Celia* dance,
And ſwim *French* Dances, yet unknown to *France*.
The Beau and Belle *reciproque* Joy inſpires,
" Each Muſic ſoftens, and each Dancing fires."
See in a Corner, *Chloe* darkling ſit,
Her Lover crys, " 'tis hot," ſhe thinks 'tis Wit.
For (cou'd we learned Prejudice remove)
True *Nonſenſe* is moſt *eloquent in Love*.

See good Mamma, *Quadrille* her laſt *quench'd Flame*,
Anxious and trembling for her Daughter's Fame,
By watching Miſſes Motions, ---- loſes Game.
Fond of this pretty, flutt'ring, gewgaw Thing,
Miſtakes *encore*, --- and plays the *uncall'd* King.
In vain your Care, --- get Voles, --- eſcape Codille ---
For what *was* Nature once, *is* Nature ſtill ---
Miſs muſt, like you, obey her Maker's Will *.
Let Footman, Coachman, Butler, Steward wait,
The Time may come, when Mamma comes --- *too late*.

Thy ENVIRONS, Oh BURY! next I'll ſing,
Plume thou ---- Oh *Mantuan* Bard! my trembling Wing!

To *Euſton* firſt the Muſe her Tribute brings,
Where lives in Pomp the Race of mighty Kings;
Here manly Exerciſe of Health, the Ground,
Is daily us'd --- whilſt *Nimrod* chears the Hound,
The Fox breaks Covert, and the Courſers bound
O'er the ſmooth Carpet of the happy Plains,
Oh *Suffolk* where perpetual Verdure reigns.
Where Silver Streams glide gently thro' the Grove,
Kent adds new Luſtre from the proud Alcove.

* Multiply and repleniſh the Earth.

If

If facing Eaſtward (as the *Jews* of old)
W' our Steps direct firſt *Barton* we behold:
Own'd by a Patriot, and a Speaker long,
A SPEAKER ONLY --- or *they do him wrong.*

See *Risbroke* next, where *Nature* did impart,
Such laviſh Beauties, --- there's no room for *Art.*
The gentle Riſe inſenſible, --- the Glade,
The Water's Fall, the impenetrable Shade,
Man cannot mend, what GOD *ſo perfect* made.

To *Icworth* turn, the Park, as em'rald green,
For's Health the Peer has ſwept the Carpet clean;
Here mindful of his Soul, he learns to die,
Prepares for pleaſing --- dread Eternity.

To *Hengrave* now, where lives my ſteadfaſt Friend,
(Attempt not --- what --- *you* can't *enough* commend)
Here ſhunning-Smoke*, and Noiſe, and *courtly* Gold,
He tills the Ground, as † *Cincinnate* of old.
This *Kitſon* built, Fiſhmonger to that King,
Who beggar'd Fiſhmongers, for *Nancy*'s Ling,
Of Cod-piece Zeal, and Energy brim-full,
The *Britiſh* Maſtiff pinn'd the *Romiſh* Bull:
Whilſt *Woolſey* leaning on the Throne of State,
Thro' this unhappy Change, foreſees his Fate,
Contemplates *penſoroſo*, wor'dly Things,
The *Pow'r of Women*, and the FAITH *of Kings.*

To *Munbee*'s haſten, *Clio!* there thou'lt ſee,
Luxuriant *Fancy* curb'd by SYMMETRY;
Wilt thou hear *Rubens*, Colourer divine,
Or great *Vitruvius*, fam'd for bold Deſign,
" Form'ſt thou thy Quincunx, or doſt prune thy *Vine*?

* *Fumum et Opes, &c.* HOR.
† A *Roman* Conſul, found at the Plough Tail.

Thee

Thee, in far diſtant Climates *early* known,
I find *unchang'd*, altho' th'aſt chang'd the Zone.

Oh BURY gay! --- ſo healing is thy Air,
To thee, repenting *epuis'd* Rakes repair,
Who having burnt in Flare, the Taper giv'n,
Make tender of the loathſome Snuff, to Heav'n.
To thee the Uſurer come (his whole Life ſpent
In Rapine) bids for Heav'n juſt five *per Cent*.
He wills an Hoſpital, from ill-got Pelf,
Which *riſes* not, till he's laid *low himſelf*.

The Lawyer next, his Strength and Practice o'er,
The *Leaſe* ſurrenders, he can *hold no more*;
Some Eaſe they find, ſome Palliation, from
Thy healing Wings, --- but ſoon *ſink downward home*.
Shakeſpear's Grave-digger had not been ſo merry,
His Spade grown ruſty, --- had he liv'd at BURY.

Phyſicians too (whoſe undertaking Friend,
Neglect their own, to watch for other's Ends)
Muſt hate thy *Zephyrs*, thy *Sabæan* Breath,
That blows nor Plague, nor Fever haſt'ning Death;
Convulſions, Palſies, Rheums, nor Love-born Pox,
Pandora, near thee, open'd not *her* Box,
Here the ſmall Reſidue of Life, I'll ſpend,
Mix the *Phyſician* with the chearful *Friend*.
Nor ſeeking *Riches*, nor *deſerving* Fame,
Here manage the laſt *Stake*, and end the *Game*,
Hence waft me, Powr's benign! --- to that bleſt Shore,
Where *Health*'s triumphant, --- and *Diſeaſe* no more.

F I N I S.

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